BIOG.

BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES No. 2.

July, 1845. Oct. 9, 1877.

MRS. MARY WOOD NEWHALL.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

OF THE WEST.

"They have but left our weary ways
To live in memory here, in heaven by love and praise."

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The Society of the West is interested in keeping green the lovely memories of the beautiful women it has sent to foreign lands, and counts it one of life's sweetest pleasures, as it is one of life's highest duties, to perpetuate ennobling influences, and to so embalm graces having their source in Divine inspiration and guidance, that for other generations, "they may still smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Nothing appeals to us more powerfully than narratives revealing the possibilities for devotedness and magnanimous self-denial which woman possesses. Instances of such devotion and self-denial, may be found in innumerable homes. If these qualities could set themselves to music, and sing themselves a place in human hearts, the world would be filled with divine melody. The very harmonies of heaven are based upon such sacrifices, and every record of them on earth, is adjusted to those harmonies. The laying down of life for the good of others, is the key-note and the chording of earthly lives to the Divine example,—a grand symphony which fills both earth and heaven. Such an example speaks to us in ringing tones, not so much rebuking our wrong by its right, as inciting us to emulative effort by its illustrious example of devotion to principle.

It has been finely said, that we do not see God as clearly

now as our fathers saw Him,—that the smoke of modern civilization dims our eyes. That a religious and philanthropic work is not wrought with as much single-mindedness and disposition to sacrifice, now as then. Except, perhaps, for the scourge of climate, men and women do not need to take their lives in their hands now as they did a generation since. Palace doors have been opened—Chinese walls have been broken down. Treaties have been made for national and commercial interests under which the missionary finds protection. His work finds appreciation, and voices from all lands ring out the Macedonian cry.

Pioneers in any work undertake a heavier burden than those who follow need to bear, as these walk often in foot-prints made by those first weary feet.

But the path is rough enough yet, though the road has been 'blazed,' and a shelter, it may be, awaits the Missionary. He passes graves in mid-ocean and under Hopia trees, where some are resting from labor which was only seed-sowing—but not the less replete with sacrifice.

To such an ending of life and its noblest purpose, went Mary Wood. The smoke of civilization did not hide from her God's command that a knowledge of His grace, the illumination of His love, should be carried to those who knowing it not, sit in the blackness of heathen ignorance and degradation. Neither did the smoke of sacrifice hide from her the blessedness of such as bring souls to salvation. She was born in Bridgewater, Somersetshire, England, but when a mere child removed with her parents and one brother to America, making a home in Belvidere, Ill.

In the Belvidere graded schools, she made good educational

progress, winning commendations from her teachers, and sincere regard from her associates. Here she made a Christian profession, and with her parents and others, in 1866, entered into the organization of the South Belvidere Baptist Church.

She was already a pupil in the Rockford Female Seminary, where she graduated in 1867. Even then began her longing for mission work, and looking to India as her future home and scene of labor. Her delicate health led her father to oppose her wishes. She yielded to him through this consideration, but her health improving and her desire remaining unchanged she made application to Dr. Roe, her pastor, for an appointment to labor among the Freedmen of the South. This, too, met with discouragement, on account of climate and delicate health.

She then engaged in teaching, and spent three years in Sycamore in that work, and afterward at Rockford. A noble testimony is borne to her success as a teacher and to the affection her pupils felt for her. Her characteristics in this work were conscientiousness and thoroughness. Persevering and unassuming, she also accomplished much earnest work for the Master through the medium of her pen. Such was her devotion to her work that she was always over-taxing her energies. One of her pupils writes: "During the long winter evenings which we often spent together, it was my privilege to witness many indications of the peculiar loveliness and refinement of her character. She possessed fine literary tastes, and the thorough cultivation and the beauty of her mind were apparent to all. In her school discipline she kept the machinery of government out of sight, but the most wayward were subdued by her unvarying gentleness, her earnest per-

suasions and sometimes by her tears. Her work as a teacher was always done prayerfully, quietly, and subject to the Master's approval."

An incident is related by a friend, showing her rare economy of time and her thirst for knowledge. She had returned from Minnesota very ill, and was even unable to sit up in bed. This friend says: "I went in to read to her, taking a magazine—most persons in similar circumstances would have only cared to be amused. She selected an article entitled 'Ocean Currents.' Before I had read a dozen lines she stopped me —there was something she did not understand; did I know about it? If not, she thought a certain book would explain, and her mother and I were set to searching books and maps till the matter was made clear."

She is described as personally very attractive, having large, soft blue eyes, rich dark brown hair, regular and noble features, and a dignified, almost majestic, presence. At last, in the spring of 1874, at the annual meeting of the Society of the West, held in Chicago, her purpose was fixed, and on the 7th of July she offered herself to the Board, and was accepted and recommended to the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union for appointment. Strong in her attachments, few could more truly appreciate the blessings of home and the refinements of social life. She was an only and tenderly-beloved daughter, and to witness the grief of her parents was even a greater grief than she suffered in parting with them. But it had always been her habit to do with her might whatever her hand found to do, and when once convinced of duty it was impossible to turn her from its requirements. As the time of her departure drew near she attended farewell ser-

vices in Rockford, Milwaukee, Belvidere and Chicago, and met the Board in Boston. Her father accompanied her to Chicago, intending to part from her there. But he could not leave this dear, only daughter while he could still be with her. He went East, and only parted with her on shipboard.

Miss Wood sailed in the steamship "Bolivia," September 19th, in company with the wife of the Rev. Mr. Mason and other missionaries. She landed at Glasgow and went to the South of England, where she visited relatives. She sailed from Liverpool, arriving at Madras, via. Calcutta, December 25th, and at Nellore by land, January 2, 1875. She immediately began the study of the Telugu language.

Her journal is exceedingly interesting, and her letters to her parents and friends with full accounts of life on shipboard and incidents of travel are admirable. Her first sight of India, with some description of the country and people, and the peculiarities of all, are more briefly narrated in the two following letters to the Board, written soon after her arrival at Nellore:

"Sitting in my Indian home with oceans rolling between us, it is time I acquainted you with my voyage from England to India, and with my present situation. At 9 o'clock A. M., Nov. 5th, the *City of Manchester* loosed from her fastenings at Birkenhead Docks, and once more I was adrift upon the doubtful world of waters. Owing partly to a fog which spread around us, we soon lost sight of land; and for five days nothing broke the monotony of the voyage save the different degrees of sea-sickness which visited us, the passing of a sail along the horizon, the flying over us of a sea bird, or a fish lifting its head above the waters. At sea, the most trifling incident becomes a fruitful theme of speculation.

Nov. 10th we were all day on the alert. At sunrise, land was near, the southwest points of the coast of Spain; a high, diversified, rock-

bound shore, mostly sterile, though in some spots vegetation appeared. About noon the very old town of Tariffa came clearly in view and formed an interesting sight with its quaint stone houses, fortress and barracks. It stands on a projecting point. A little more sailing, watching the bright aerial tints of the distant mountains, and then Gibralter drew near. First came the Bay, containing a large amount of shipping. On its eastern side is the town, between which, and four large English men-of-war, prowling like giants along the coast, we passed. The famous old stronghold, the fortress itself, stands on a high promontory, and towering above and behind it, is the Rock of Gibraltar. Its summit rises 1,200 feet, and although the day was of sunny clearness, it was cloud-wrapped and hidden from view. We could see some of the separate buildings distinctly, yet, from our stand-point, the greater part seemed like a natural stone wall rising from the sea, and pierced by an immense number of holes. Behind each of these, is the mouth of a large cannon. The artillery houses are filled with ammunition, and in the store houses ten year's provisions are said to be kept; that nothing, either storm or siege may wrest Gibralter from English power.

We passed Malta and its surrounding islands, in one of the furious white squalls of the Mediterranean; and although we both before and after crossed the path of stronger winds, I never saw the sea lashed into such roaring caverns, or rise in such foam-capped columns. The surging mountains broke all day over our deck, and drove the great ship, as if she were a plaything, from crested summit to wave-walled chasm.

The morning of the 18th, we anchored before Port Said, the entrance of the Suez Canal. A dozen row boats, manned by wild gesticulating Arabs, soon surrounded the steamer. Each clamored for us to take his boat, which, with the instant danger of their running upon each other, and so giving us all a sea-bath, for which we did not pay, made the getting on shore an exciting scene. The town is built on a low sand plain with nothing attractive about it. The inhabitants are a strange mixture of Arabs, French, and Egyptians; and we passed Turkish women with brass bar cylinders (worn on the forehead) between the eyes, covered with cloth over their faces, leaving only the eyes visible. The canal is narrow, and as all passing of steamers must be done at certain fastening

stations where the width is sufficient, many delays are caused. In the process of unfastening at one of these places, a rope got twisted many times about our screw, so that the captain was forced to send to Suez for divers to cut it away. Altogether we were six days and five nights in getting through the canal, a distance of eighty miles. The weather while we were on the Red Sea was very hot and sultry; for two days not even a breeze. The nights in the Arabian Sea were illumined by the wonderful phenomenon of glaring phosphorescence; every movement of the ship caused the waters to burst into brightness. The myriad jelly fish looked like balls of fire; and the numberless minute living forms which sport in the deep, gave to it in the darkness, a look of liquid silver. From Suez to Calcutta, I suffered greatly from a form of sea-sickness affecting my head; and the succession of storms which attended us from Aden, did not alleviate it. But for the companionable passengers, and the obliging officers, I should have had a weary time of it.

At noon, on Friday, the 11th of December, we signaled the pilot barge, and took on a pilot; from that time, till we reached Calcutta, all was feverish excitement. At sunset we anchored off *Sand Heads;* for the river is too difficult of navigation to allow even an experienced pilot to travel by night. The Hoogly opens so wide and the surrounding country is so level, that we had ascended it twenty miles before land was visible to the naked eye. When the shores came near, trees filled with foliage, bananas, palm, cocoanuts, etc., with tropical birds flitting among the leaves, green grass, with stacks of hay or grain, the first of the late harvest—all made a beautiful, but rather a singular scene for the twelfth of December. We passed many native Bengalee villages, any of which at a little distance would be mistaken for a number of brown, old haystacks. At 6 o'clock, we reached Garden Reach, three miles from Calcutta, and anchored near the shore. As our arrival had been telegraphed, the friends of our passengers were waiting on the bank, and putting out in boats, were seen clambering up the steps. What embracings! What eager questionings! What glad re-unions! Though my heart ached that I had never a friend in all this strange land to give me welcome, I could but rejoice in the joy of others. The confusion and bustle of our deck, was indescribable ; one by one my companions of

thirty-eight days came to say "Good-bye;" each wished me a pleasant home, success for the future, and many years of health to do in India the work I had chosen. And this was said with sincerity, though few were Christians. When the darkness began to thicken, a gentleman came and introduced himself as the Agent of our Society, saying his boat was waiting for us. And so pushing our way through a crowd of jostling coolie-boats, we gained the shore, and seated in a flat chair with an arm around the neck of each of my coolie-bearers, I was carried up unto the dry land of India. The coolies are the laborers of the country. They have dark, oily skins, and like the other Hindoos, have slender bodies with delicate hands and feet. Their features resemble our own; hair black and generally straight; and their clothing consists of a large turban, and a piece of cloth wrapped about the middle of the body.

We remained four days in Calcutta. It is an attractive place. Here, as elsewhere in India, all the English we meet, are people of wealth and position, who live comfortably and the most part luxuriously. The oriental columns and verandas, added to the more substantial style of western architecture, give to the residences a palatial air which has earned for Calcutta the name City of Palaces. The native portion of the town is populous, crowded and dirty, the houses low and mean, the huts disgusting hovels of one little room, which answers all purposes of a family of ten to twenty. I saw sights when riding by them, which made my woman's heart sick and faint. The wretchedness, the moral pollution of heathen India, is something which cannot be told.

Our visit to the Botanical Gardens, and the famous Banyan tree, whose branches shade a space of 75 feet in circumference was intensely interesting. When I saw all varieties of tropical productions basking in out-of-door beds, drinking rich life from the air and sun of their native clime, I pitied the poor exotics of America, shut in by thick walls and double windows, and warmed by coal stoves.

By the kindness of Miss Lathrop, of the American Mission Home, I visited a high caste native Zenana, and through her talked with its inmates. A description of this would make a letter of itself, so I must omit it and all else that we saw in Calcutta and bring this long letter to a close. I hope soon to write you again, giving a description of Nellore, its

surroundings and the peculiar ways of its inhabitants. The heat shuts us up so much of the day that it takes some time to learn the customs and superstitions of the people. The heat is now growing intense, gaining each day. It is now 8:30 p. m., and by the open window my thermometer stands at 88 deg. in the shade of the veranda. This afternoon it was 100 deg.

A week's sailing in a coast steamer brought us to Madras, and on Christmas morning we anchored half a mile from the city. This is the nearest ships can come, for the surf never ceases to beat along this coast, and its force is tremendous. As we rowed ashore with the scorching sun beating upon us I could but think of the happy home gatherings and merry Christmas greetings. But I knew that I was remembered by many a loved one, and that gave me happiness. Better still, that the Great Giver of every blessing held me in His protecting arms, would lead me through all dangers, and be my solace and joy amid every privation.

The letter containing the promised description of Nellore not being at hand we give one written later:

NELLORE.

As I was writing last night I heard the sound of distant music, accompanied by the din of many voices and the tramping of many feet. This told me that an idol procession was coming. Being anxious to get near enough to see it, I went over to Canakiah's to have some one go with me to the Compound gate. I found them about commencing family worship, and I took my seat by the door. Seated on the floor in the middle of the room was Canakiah with his Bible and a small oil lamp. At his right sat Julia his wife, and at his left, James, the future husband of Eliza, the oldest daughter. Four children were seated around in the room. In the next room were the nine boarding-school girls, who live in the family, and the remaining children—ten in all. They were all seated on mats on the floor. First a hymn (translation of "Just as I Am") was sung, then a chapter read, followed by prayer.

Of course it was all in Telugu and entirely unintelligible to me. But the influence was not Telugu; *it* was the language which to every renewed heart speaks of love and faith in Jesus. It entered my sou l,

soothed its anxieties, dispelled its loneliness, and filled me with the peace which passeth all understanding.

Meanwhile the idol had been stopping along the road to receive gifts. It is the practice to rest opposite every house where presents are received. So, after worship, I asked Canakiah and James all sorts of questions about heathen festivals and the ceremonies connected with idol worship. As James is a converted Brahmin, I received much information from him. At last the procession drew near and we went to the gate to get a view. What did I see? A great many men, women and children. Four musicians, playing upon instruments, were walking ahead. Next came two men bearing the idol, which was gorgeously decked and covered with a canopy very much ornamented. It was the most respectable-looking idol I have yet seen. But this is one of the principal deities and was making its annual visit to the Nellore gods. On account of the heat of the day, the nights are given to the festivities, music and dancing, religious feasts, marriages, &c., making them so noisy that it is difficult to sleep. A number of dancing girls are kept constantly in attendance upon this particular god. On this occasion their bodies were covered with jewelry, the tinkling of which could be heard at a great distance.

I have made a *visit* to the Pahlum which lies west of the Mission Compound. I accompanied Julia, of whom I have so often spoken. She is by far the most efficient Christian woman that we have. She was trained in Mrs. Jewett's girl's school, and afterwards became a teacher in the same. For eighteen years she has been the wife of the native Evangelist Canakiah. Although she has brought up a large family of children she has during the whole time been a kind of matron over the girl's school in the Compound; made visits with and without the missionary to the surrounding villages and schools, and has frequently gone, as we did this evening, into the neighboring Pahlum to talk with the women and children, trying to induce the children to attend school and the parents to come to the chapel and hear about the true God. When the sun was half below the horizon, Julia, whose home is but a few yards from the Bungalow, sent word that it was time to go, and soon came out to meet me. *Her dress* was a sample of the nicest of the Christian women.

It consisted of a skirt of print, a plaid underwaist of white cloth, high neck, but short sleeves, then wound around the body, as none but an Oriental can do, was the principal garment—a cloth from 8 to 11 yards long. Hers was of dotted muslin. They are oftener of plain white cloth. The heathen women wear only this cloth and nothing upon the head, unless they draw a part of this quaukah over the head, as Julia did this evening.

The Pahlum, which is occupied entirely by natives, has but the rudest specimens of houses, crowded together in the closest proximity, or separated by waste spots which the late flood has washed into deep holes. There is no pretense of streets, but the houses are scattered like autumn leaves on the ground. As our visit was at sunset, the hour at which the Hindoos prepare and eat their principal meal, the women and children were gathered around the fires, sitting in the dirt, holding or watching the pots placed on the coals. Julia talked with these about the true God and sung Christian hymns to them. Some of them have at different times been to the Compound and heard the preaching; and in reply to Julia's question as to why they do not continue to come and become followers of the Saviour, they give every conceivable reply. One wretched-looking creature, whose quaukah was so carelessly thrown around her that she was not half covered, whose hair was tangled and her whole person spoke of dirt and neglect, said her *pride was too great.* If the sights around me had not been so painful, I should have felt like laughing at the incongruity of her answer, with her whole appearance and surroundings. And yet it is too true. They think it beneath them to become Christians. Julia said to me on returning, "These people once had plenty, were rich, but they would not hear the good words which dear father Jewett spoke to their ears, and now they have lost much. I tell them it is because they do not love and worship the Saviour." None of the people in this Pahlum belong to the high castes. Their houses are of two kinds. The better ones have walls made from a mixture of sand and mud, with thatched roofs. They contain often a cot to sleep on, a box to hold changes of garments and a bag of rice, materials for curry, pots, and occasionally the native furniture. The second kind are circular, and are made of leaves fastened to bamboo

limbs, one end of which is put into the ground, while at the top all are brought together and tied. Here I saw only rice, curry materials, pots and pieces of matting.

In March, 1875, she went to Ramapatam, and here she was prostrated, first by brain fever and then by typhoid. As soon as she was able to do so she went to Madras for medical treatment, taking her Telugu teacher with her, that she might lose no time in the study of the language. As soon as possible she returned to Ramapatam, entering heart and soul upon her chosen life-work. In a letter home she said, writing of her illness: "Under God my life has been spared through Brother Timpany's knowledge of medicine and faithful efforts night and day, the nearest physician being at Nellore, forty-five miles distant." It was a great trial to her at first that there was so much uncertainty as to what her work should be. When Miss Bronson's death was announced her heart had responded to the call to fill her vacant place. But Providence seemed to indicate that her work was not in Assam. Nellore and Ongole had also been under consideration. Speaking of this, and that no sooner had she made up her mind in one direction than something occurred to break up the plan, she says, "It is a sore trial to my faith. I sometimes fear that I have made a mistake in coming to India," and then she adds:

> "It is not so, but so it looks,
> And I lose courage then,
> And doubt will come, if God hath kept
> His promises to men."

Then come words of faith, bringing a hope, a ray of peace, that is not born of sight, but comes from child-like trust:

"Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct which can tell
That God is most upon the field
When most invisible."

Ramapatam, where her interest was now to center, is a small native town in the Presidency of Madras, situated on the seashore, forty-five miles north of Nellore and thirty south of Ongole. The country in the vicinity is low and somewhat rolling. The native village is separated from the sea by only a small grove of palmyra and cocoanut palm trees, and a small salt lake or back water. The Mission Compound adjoins the village on the west side and is a little higher than the village level. In the centre of the Compound stand the Mission buildings. These, with their verandas, are some 300 feet long and 40 wide. In the northeast corner of the Compound is a small tank or reservoir, surrounded by cocoanut, banyan, and other fruit and shade trees. At the west of the tank is a burial ground containing dust sacred to both missionaries and native Christians. A row of trees and shrubs and prickly pear borders the Compound on the west. Around the bungalow, chapel and school buildings, stand a dozen or more small houses for the accommodation of the native preachers and other helpers in mission work. Beside the missionaries there are no other white residents nearer than Ongole.

Months passed and the school was exceedingly prosperous. Miss Peabody went to Madras to study medicine, it being essential that some one should have such knowledge in Ramapatam. Miss Wood, now assisted by Mr. Newhall, had taken her place. She writes: "It is a Saturday morning; after re-

citing the Bible lesson for to-morrow, the girls have gone to their yard to put their clothes, themselves and their baskets in order. They have no bureaus or nice little trunks as home girls have. Each has a covered basket 2½ feet long and 2 deep, in which they keep books or anything intended only for their own use. The white ants are so troublesome that we have to keep not only these but boxes and baskets in which grain is stored, upon stones or bricks. The yard is about 100 feet long by 80 wide. It has a frontage of its entire length to the east, and so receives the full benefit of the sea breeze, as the front wall is latticed. During the burning heat the sea breeze is a real elixir, and it was solely that the girls might have the benefit of it that Mr. Timpany placed their quarters in this location, thus making necessary a change of bungalows. There are nice trees in the yard, and when the rains come the girls will transplant some flowering shrubs. The dormitories and cooking arrangements are not extensive. One rather old house, 15 by 25, having mud walls and a thatched roof, but without a floor, is used as the cooking house and store room for baskets and cooking utensils. Some of the girls also sleeping there. The house is all one room.

"A little way from this, is the new dormitory, divided into two rooms. One, 10 by 20, is used wholly as a sleeping room. Here, on mats, lie 33 girls. They are so close together on the floor, that I can hardly step between them. The other division is a bath-room. Since the change of bungalows, the school room is one of the rooms in our house. There is plenty of room in this part of the house (which was formerly occupied by the missionary and his family) for a single missionary and the school, but you see how much the girls need another dormitory in their yard.

" This month all our preachers and school teachers are in from the villages. We spend much time with them, hearing their reports, settling difficulties, &c. Ezra, our head teacher, speaks English and acts as interpreter. The tract of country over which the work of the Ramapatam mission extends, runs west of us 80 miles, aud is 30 or 40 miles from north to south. In the whole area there are 600 villages, small and large, and in 80 of them we count 800 Christians.

"The teachers come in every month to make reports, receive support, and obtain advice, medicine, etc.; with these come some of the head Christians, any candidates for Baptism, and any who have difficulties to settle. The majority of our Christians we cannot see except as we make trips through the villages. Some of the reports are exceedingly interesting.

"There are eight women this month who give account of their work as teachers. Some have been very successful in gathering children and in inducing people to give these teachers their food.

"This is a great festival day and the car of Juggernaut parades Ramapatam. Two days ago, 6 or 8 teachers and scholars, and preachers, came asking to go into the Bazaar and among the people and preach the glad tidings of salvation. It would have rejoiced your heart to have seen, last evening, a crowd of people in the village near the heathen temple, Krishnaloo, with some of the older girls talking to one group. Ramiah, the head preacher to another, a band of Christians from one of the villages to another, all with Dr. Jewett's translation of Matthew in their hands, and as they talked, they turned over leaves and read passages of Scripture. Such are some of the means by which we hope heathen India may be brought to

turn from her idols, and her shamelessly corrupt festivals, and come to know and love the pure and holy God."

Mr. Timpany having left in March, 1876, and Miss Peabody being in Madras, Miss Wood and Mr. Newhall, were left to bear the burden of this work during the heat of the summer. As she writes to a friend: "Mr. Newhall, with only four months' experience, and myself, with only a year and four months, and knowing little of the language. Thus we are struggling on, praying for health, trusting in the Lord for strength, and looking to Him for grace and wisdom to bear the burden, and to act discreetly amid all our embarrassments."

To another she writes: "I am in a place where I have now a superabundance of work. I am exceedingly pressed, and hot as the weather is, I cannot find a minute during the day in which to rest. I am school teacher, doctor for the girls, house-keeper, and so on. Besides, I have not the language. I must prepare with Moonshi (teacher) every thing I teach. I have no time for study. All *that* I must suspend till Miss Peabody returns." The arrangement for her to take Miss Peabody's place temporarily was made just after the way opened for her to go eventually to Ongole. But her engagement soon afterward to Mr. Newhall, who was about to take charge of the work at Ramapatam, caused her to become permanently identified with the work at that station.

The marriage was planned for July. Miss Peabody was still detained in Madras, with no prospect of being able to return until September. Early in June, Miss Wood was deprived of her only remaining female friend and associate at Ramapatam. Mrs. Williams, whom she regarded with ever growing sisterly affection, and to whom she was turning for

needed counsel and sympathy, was suddenly and very unexpectedly called to her heavenly home, while at Madras for medical aid. Under the peculiar circumstances it was not deemed best to defer the marriage beyond the appointed time, although the joyousness of the occasion would be tempered by the consciousness of personal loss, and a vivid sense of the uncertainty of earthly happiness, and a heart-felt sympathy with the bereaved husband. She was thus left alone with her cares and her preparations. She writes home: "I can hardly do my missionary work and make necessary preparations for my marriage, while I am the only white woman here. As we wish to invite the other missionaries and the Ramapatam Christians it will need a little time to prepare." The marriage took place on the 19th of July. On the 25th, she writes to her parents: "Not one minute since my last letter, has been available for letter-writing. I have worked during the last six months to the utmost verge of my ability." Consider the climate, the terrible heat, the vast amount of labor, taxing her mentally and physically, and you can appreciate the record that follows: "Though both of our schools had a vacation just before our marriage (which had taken place on the 19th of July) a missionary never has an uninterrupted hour. From 12 to 2, at midday, and from 9 at night till sunrise, is all the time we are sure of. Every thing needing to be said in Telugu, it takes us some time to thoroughly understand. We have to listen to all complaints and as far as possible settle matters. An Oriental thinks so much of your hearing what he has to say. Time is nothing to him, and he prefaces all his requests with a long explanatory story including his family history."

Then Miss Wood tells us of her simple appropriate preparations for her wedding, of the white muslin dress and its trimming of lace, of the tasteful aspect she was trying to give her house, which was not quite finished, and adds, "if my rooms have not as much in them as some, our dining-room, study and bed-room, at least, have a home-like air." The account of the wedding, has its own interest. To it came some of the other missionaries, "the native preachers, ten in number, their wives and families, the school teachers, Bible women and many Christians from the villages. These came on the 8th, thinking we would be married on the 12th. So they were here a long time, and this added much to my care; they all needed so much attention. But I am learning to love these people, and I do desire to aid them in every possible way." She was married in the Ramapatam Mission Chapel, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of July 19, 1876. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Clough. Mr. Williams, Mr. Drake and Mr. and Mrs. Loughridge being present. The chapel was crowded full and many were outside. The service, a modification of the English Episcopal service, was translated passage by passage into Telugu, by Ezra, our head teacher, and a Telugu hymn was sung at the close. All the people were in their best attire, and most of them were neat and clean." For obvious reasons, some conformity to the customs of the country seemed expedient, such as for the bride and groom to give instead of receive presents and to entertain the guests with appropriate amusements. A wedding cake and jellies, procured from Madras, and another cake contributed by "Julia" from Nellore, and fruit from their own garden at Ramapatam, graced the wedding dinner. "About 250 native

Christians including the two station schools, and Mr. William's seminary students, honored us with their presence at an entertainment specially provided for them, towards evening." The next day all the missionaries spent the day with us. In the evening, Mr. Clough left; on the following evening, Mr. and Mrs. Loughridge; on the next Tuesday morning all the teachers and preachers. The next evening Mr. Drake started for his new field of labor, Kurnool, and the Compound is now in its normal condition. When I turned to my desk to regulate it, I found 26 unanswered letters." Her marriage seems to have been all her friends could have desired for her. She writes to a dear friend: "My fondest dreams of love and tenderness have been more than realized;" and again, "whatever our trials and vexations, discouragements and privations, we always have each other's loving counsel and sympathy."

This comfort of counsel and sympathy and loving companionship, came none too soon. The marriage festivities were scarcely over and earnest work resumed, before words like these came over the seas, in response to assurances of prayerful remembrance of friends.

"Such messages as yours are welcome visitors, always; but just now it is comforting to be assured that the home friends are petitioning the Throne of Grace on our behalf, for we are in the midst of troublous times—times which try men's souls. The rain-fall of 1875 was deficient, and except a few scanty showers in July and August, we have had no rain since last December. For three months, grain of all kinds has been rising, until paddy (unhulled rice), is all that we are now able to buy. Two days ago Ramapatam grain merchants refused to sell to any one at any price. Through the influence of some native officials we have succeeded in bringing a bandy load of paddy from another village. This supply exhausted, we were obliged to apply to the Tahsildar before we

could obtain more. We have over two hundred people in these two Compounds and we cannot see them suffer.

"But our poor Christians scattered throughout the field; their distress is heart-rending and we have no money with which to help them. Daily they are coming and going, telling of their suffering. They have no work, the tanks and wells are dried up till the water is so impregnated with lime or saltpetre as to render it unfit to drink, yet they have no alternative and must use it. Some obtain a meal once in three days; others, less fortunate, go wandering about, living on roots and the prickly pear. From all sections come the same report; gloom and distress prevail around us. In the large towns of the Presidency grain riots have occurred and bands of robbers are prowling everywhere. Indeed, the poor people depend on stealing to keep from starving. Sending to jail is no punishment for these poor creatures, they hope to go there. We hear of their saying, 'We'll steal enough to be taken up, and then we'll be kept in jail till the famine is over.' The extreme distress prevailing among the poorer classes can be realized from the fact that mothers offer their children for sale.

"The grass is gone, the ground is baked here to the depth of six feet. Indeed the dwellers in the temperate zones can hardly imagine the power of the heat of torrid India. Three weeks ago one of our Compound people died. In digging her grave the men were compelled first to thoroughly drench the ground with water, then remove a few inches of earth, again pour on water and again dig a little; and so on, until the grave was sufficiently deep. Wherever you go the cattle are a sorry sight. Cows are often seen in some sections labelled: 'This may belong to whoever will feed her.' To our own cows we give grain and leaves from our Compound trees. The Monsoon which should have come the early part of October. shows no sign of appearing—the sun rides through the heaven with mocking brightness. Should God answer our prayers and send us rain during this month, many of the coarser grains could be raised, but not the white rice. To all, the price of living is much higher, and even at the best, must continue so for months.

"Our school boys and girls, our teachers and preachers, have to receive more pay, and the present appearances are that the appropriation

will be exhausted by the time the year is three-fourths gone. What shall we do? Dismiss our teachers and preachers and send the school children back to their villages to starve? Last week we had three strong, intelligent men come in for baptism. Five months ago a little school was started in their village, by the wife of the preacher, and from total ignorance they have learned to read a little. One, the brightest, had obtained from some one a copy of Luke, and his correct answers at the time of his examination were a delight to us all. Such is one of the good effects of village schools. Had we the means we would establish a school in every village where there are Christians. On Sunday eleven presented themselves to the church as candidates for baptism, but only five were received. We usually baptize in our Compound tank, but as the water had dried up we assembled at 5 o'clock near the sea, by the breakwater. It was a pleasant sight; many of the village people gathered to witness it. They stood on one side, our Christians on the other. We sat on a bench between, just in front of the spot where the ordinance was administered. Bro. Williams talked to the people, especially to the heathen, on the meaning of baptism, why we Christians baptize. Meantime the candidates, close by the water, were having their jootoos (sacred crests of hair) cut off.

After reading a few verses, singing and prayer, the candidates were led down into the water, and we believe they came up out of it consecrated to a new and better life in Jesus. The roaring of the beating surf was all the while sounding in our ears, and the shadows were falling ere we left the spot. The next morning the men returned to their villages, forty miles distant. I gave them each a copy of John's gospel, promising if they would learn to read it all I would give them another book when I came to their village. We are hoping to go out in December, but if the rain is withheld we cannot—no food, and the glare of the sun is so trying, it would not be prudent to live in tents. Mr. Newhall is exceedingly anxious to go out through the villages and see the Christians. It is a great trial to him that he cannot yet from his own lips preach Jesus to the people; but the past ten months have been filled with hard work and perplexity, leaving little time to study. He hopes now to be able regularly each day to read and talk with the heathen.

The knowledge of Telugu which I obtained during my first year in India, imperfect as it is, has been invaluable to us, for we are surrounded by Telugus who speak no English."

The famine, with its scenes of suffering, terrible beyond description, which she was obliged to witness, and was powerless to relieve, added greatly to her cares and duties, and taxed her sensibilities and sympathies to the utmost. The missionaries themselves suffered, not from lack in *quantity*, but a lack in variety—there being no fruit or vegetables to be had in the summer months during the famine. Mrs. Newhall writes from Bangalore, June 7, 1877: "How I wish I could be with you and enjoy some of the strawberries and peas, home fruits and food which I crave. We get better food here than we have had for some time, and it is doing me good, for I was growing weak and suffering in many ways for the want of nourishing food, which I could relish."

But her heroism and Christian courage did not fail. She says in a letter home, "I sometimes long to be put down in America just for a day or week, where no crouching skeleton, begging for food, no wailing, bony infant whose mother for lack of food, cannot give it one drop of milk, no human bodies, whose only covering is tangled hair and dirt, no throwing dead bodies to dogs and jackals, no dead vegetation and dying cattle, would meet my eyes. I have courage however. For Christ's sake I can bear even this." Still later she wrote: "If I could walk into your cozy home, away from all sights and sounds which bring famine and starvation and nakedness hourly to my notice, how I would enjoy a pleasant chat. Yet, with all my privations, if I were *directed to do so I could not leave these poor* people. It is little we can do for

them, but that little keeps some of them from starvation and death." This determination never to leave her post of duty was well illustrated during one of her illnesses in India, when the physician told her that her only hope of recovery was to return to America, "I cannot go home," she said. "The Lord Jesus sent me here to work for Him, and I have not accomplished it." She had not yet come to realize that God knows when our work is done, and how, as old Fuller so quaintly says, "When God sees this, He blows out the candle and sends His servant to bed."

These trying exigencies and privations were bringing this devoted woman early to the evening tide of her life, and our God does not "exact day labor, light denied."

All that she had done, and all that she had endured, from which not even the tenderest, most watchful care could shield her, began to tell upon her health. The disease of the country, which is especially fatal to Europeans in the climate of Southern India, and of which she had previously had more than one attack since her arrival, began to rob her of the strength she needed to carry her through her approaching confinement. Mr. Newhall took her to Nellore for medical treatment, where she had the attendance of a skillful physician and an experienced nurse, whose friendly interest in their patient gave increased value to their professional services. Mr. and Mrs. Downie were most kind in their attentions, as were also the English Collector and his wife, and other sympathizing friends.

Mrs. Loughridge, to whom she had become warmly attached, came down from Ongole as soon as she heard of her danger and rendered valuable assistance. Fourteen days of

comparative convalescence gave occasion of happy anticipation of entire recovery, at times, and at other times she sank so low that those who watched her thought her dying. Thus fluctuating between life and death, visibly growing weaker after each change, the days passed slowly by. Her weakness and the influence of her medicines prevented her from giving much attention to those around her, even to her sorrowing husband. For that reason her friends are deprived of much of the consolation which affectionate farewell words often bring to those who stand by the Christian's death-bed.

Mr. Newhall writes: "When I told her that I feared she might not recover, and asked if she had any messages to send to her friends, she called my attention to a list of correspondents, all of whom she wished to be notified, and added that of course I would write all the particulars to her parents, and that I must say to her brothers that she hoped she should meet them in heaven. She then made a short prayer, the burden of which was for God to spare her life if possible, but if not, that He would forgive her sins and prepare her to die. A few mornings before she died, I asked her if she knew me. 'Of course I do.' Are you trusting in Jesus; is He present with you in your weakness and suffering? 'Yes.' Soon afterward she asked me to pray earnestly that she might be prepared. 'Yes, I have been praying, and you must trust all in the hands of Christ, do you not?' 'Yes; in the Cross of Christ I glory'—but her strength failed her. After lying quietly half an hour, she called me affectionately to her, and said: 'I have been praying very earnestly that Jesus will forgive my sins and make me willing to die, and I think He will hear my prayer. I begin to feel His peace entering into my

soul.' Then she made some suggestions about her burial, and with a smile told me to go and take some rest.

Toward the last, some roses were brought in by a friend. She smelled them eagerly and said, 'Beautiful, beautiful.'

But all in vain were the efforts and cares of physician, the detaining hands of tenderest affection, and all the force of her own determination to recover, which was never surpassed by a feeble woman. About dark, Tuesday eve, October 9th, she became insensible, and at 10 p. m. breathed out her sweet life in the presence of the kind nurse, Mrs. Loughridge, our Telugu sister Julia, and Mr. and Mrs. Downie, who tendered their cordial sympathy to the bereaved husband.

Loving hands robed her for her burial, and placed her in a neat and substantial coffin. The next day, after a brief funeral sermon by Rev. D. Downie, her earthly remains were borne to the Nellore Cemetery and laid in a grave lined with masonry, under the shadow of a Margosa tree. Her husband has since erected upon the grave a low monument of polished black granite, bearing the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
MARY A. WOOD,
Wife of
REV. A. A. NEWHALL,
Missionary at Ramapatam.
Died at Nellore, October 9, 1877.
AGED 32 YRS. 2 MOS.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

And so it ended! Nay, not so. There is a place where

> "Human power and failure
> Are equalized forever,
> And the light that haloes all
> Is the passionate bright endeavor."

Does not God mark the preparation of a soil, and the seed sowing, with the same approval which awaits those who gather in the harvest? *We know that he does*, and that in His sight the "passionate bright endeavor" is haloed in the glory of His smile.

In a letter from Mr. Newhall we find a very felicitous characterization of his wife. He says, "In addition to her personal attractions there was a queenliness and dignity of manner which never ceased to fill me with profound respect, even when she was engaged in common household duties. Orderly and straightforward in everything, she was excessively ambitious to do as much as possible, never favoring herself till she was completely exhausted. All my ingenuity and persuasions could not prevent her working too hard. Her work, moreover, was always thorough. She made good progress in the Telugu language, was able to speak it idiomatically, and made herself well understood in ordinary conversation or teaching. She was a good housekeeper, for she could do nothing poorly; but she was rather inclined to the intellectual pursuits, for which her superior education so well fitted her. She had poetical tastes and fancies, and after her death I found several poems written by her when only a school girl. She was especially fond of Intellectual Philosophy—indeed her mental powers were of a superior order. Never did I find any theme distasteful to her, or any argu-

ment too deep for her to bravely grapple with. In practical matters I often found it greatly to my advantage to be guided by her judgment in preference to my own. I have re-written many important letters after her criticisms. Unlike myself, she thought a matter out thoroughly beforehand, and seldom had occasion to revise or alter what she had once written."

Dedications of books, occasionally some conjugal verses, or tender threnodies, have done justice to those wives, to whom men have looked, and not in vain, for inspiration or courage. Mr. Newhall's testimony, most direct and unequivocal as it is, is not singular, especially in missionary annals. Where else have we nobler instances of women who did and dared, or of men who do and dare, in the vigor of impulse, which comes as from Divine inspiration in the trusting and fearless force of will, in the unfettered independence of heart and soul, taking direct hold on direct facts. Monod may well claim for woman the highest place in grand Christian, philanthropic and mission enterprises. Mrs. Newhall's devotion to her work was finely called a "Costly Sacrifice."

Mr. Newhall remarks, "A costly, but let us not say too costly a sacrifice. I am sure she never felt while living that any talent is too precious to be laid upon the altar of missions, if the Master calls for it. Least of all did she dream that in offering her own modestly-esteemed self she was doing any more than in giving the Lord His own, for His own best use."

One long associated with her as teacher says: "Does any one say 'Why all this waste?' Let them listen to the voice of the Saviour, 'She hath done what she could.' And who

can measure how much she *has* done. 'We live in deeds, not years.' How many seed thoughts of truth and duty may have fallen into *many* hearts, how impulses for good have been given and are moving onward, we may not know in this life. The harvest will finally be gathered. The good live *three* lives, a *finished life* on earth, a *life of influence* still going on, and a *glorified life* in Heaven." There is abundant testimony to the truth of these beautiful words in letters written by associate teachers, and former pupils. One of these last writes: "She helped to form my character at a time when I was verging from youth into manhood. She has been the guardian angel of my spirit since a youth of sixteen, and in my walk through life I shall always see her pure face over me when I diverge from the path of duty. I do not think a person meets with many such women in a lifetime." Many other loving tributes to her faithfulness, delicate tact, and conscientious discharge of duty, have been written to the husband and parents, serving at once to deepen their sense of loss, and to afford them consolation in it.

She was so richly furnished and appointed for a lofty career of usefulness in her own land; she was so eminent as a student; she brought so warm an interest to her work as a teacher; she was so sympathetic, so magnetic, so earnest and faithful, that with her thorough preparation and her power to impart, she was fitted to command success, and take the highest position.

Mentally so well trained, and fitted for work—spiritually so devoted in her self-renunciation and power to sacrifice—it does appear inscrutable to us that, in God's purpose, her missionary labor should close so soon. It may be that He chose and

ordained the costly sacrifice; that the lesson of her life should sink "deepest in the best," and in deeply furrowed hearts should bring forth an hundred fold.

In the great plan of Christian civilization, when results are comprehended, perhaps we may sometime take measure of what she accomplished.

The triumph of our faith in her early death becomes the triumph of our faith as we follow her work to fruition.